DY T. D M.

Sweet Phyllia! For your levely sake I weave these rambling numbers, Because the morn is just awake, And keeps me from my slumbers.
Because I see your using dress
Among the clinking grasses, From every breeze that pas es.

Recause we've passed some joyous days,
A thousand charming hours, Among your mezy garden ways,
Embowered with your flowers:
Because whene'er I hear your words
Some pleasant terilog lingers,
Because I think your heart has chords
That vibrate to your fingers.

Becguse you've got those long, soft curis,
I've sworn should deck my goddess;
Because you're not like other girls.
All rustle, blush and bodice. Recause I think you'd scarce refuse To sew one on a button; Because I know you'd sometimes choose

Because your tiny little nose Turns up so pert and funsy: Because I know you choose your beaux More for their mirth than money; Because I think you tather twirl
A waltz, with me to guide you,
Than talk small nonsense to a churl
With countless wealth beside you.

To dine on simple mutton.

Because I think I'm just so weak

As, some of these fine morrows,

To seek your garden, there to speak

My story—and my sorrows. Because the rest's a simple thing,
A matter quickly over,
A church, a priest, a sign, a ring,
And a lifetime spent in clover.

#### THE ROLLER RINK.

-Times-Star.

BY BILL NYE.

For a long time I have evaded the task o grappling with this great national question, but now I fear that I can escape its responsibility no longer. Hundreds of anxious eyes to-day are watching for the coming man to rise fearlessly, and in clarion tones refer to this matter in terms that can not be misunderstood.

In the language of one of our great states. men, "I bave come."

I now express my opinion of the roller skating rink, and I say fearlessly that as soon as I had entered the arena and had put on the skates, I was down on the rink. I on myself.

After thoroughly investigating the subject I have fully decided that onless this great curse of a free government can be wiped out the whole Nation will be plunged into

I tried on roller skates the latter part of August, A. D. 1884, and on the 9th of Saptem ber I was caught in the bosom of a vigorous cyclone, but how peaceful and restful the cyclone seemed after my matinee at therink How the wearied and battered halk of humanity that now pens there lines, cuddled up to the fierce Jamescane!

After I got down on the rink, I got the authorities to come and remove my skates. I had paid twenty-five cents to enter the rink, and when I came away I was almost tickled to death because the proprietor did not make me pay damages for sitting down so bard on his nice new rink so that the floor had always eagged a little ever since.

I am having a rink designed now for my own special use next season. It is to be a large structure, covering about two acres of ground, and floored over with half inch iron plates, on top of which will be half inch sheets of rubber. In the center there will be a turn-table, on which I can glide when wish to turn around.

The skares will be roomy to a fault. They will be made to order out of condemned flat

My rink costume will be unique and attractive, consisting of a large overcoat stuffed with curled hair, rubber pantaloons filled with hay and woven wire matress bus-tle trimmed with overskirt of the same. In front I will be protected by a large feather-bed cowcatcher held in place with extension draw heads. I will then get into that rink and run wild. Regular trains will have to

Parties desiring to come and witness my little flat car tournament will do well to wear base ball masks and settle up their business before they enter the rink, for I want it understood that I am only a novice. I am not accustomed to ride the roller skate. and my legs are a little eccentric in the or

The performance will open with a flat car promenade to slow music. I will then en-thr the rink on my graceful skates and glid around on the tarntable to the music of Strauss waltz. I will next come in and fal down three times in rapid succession, after which there will be an intermission of two weeks for refreshment and change of scene When new skin has grown on the places where I colided with my new rink, the performance will be again resumed and carried out from day to day until it is completed, or death comes to my relief.

Those holding season tickets will be entitled to remain until after the funeral. Mourners need not be identified.

Those who know me best, and people who have noticed my graceful carriage, say they would go farther to see me skate than any other professional rinkist they ever saw rink, Many claim that they never saw a skator fall down and hurt himself with more genuine pleasure.

When I get on roller skates somehow people lose all interest in the administration and almost everything else. People would walk for miles to see me come out in the rink with my new costume and kill myself. I do not say this egotistically or to attract attention to myself, but I say it because it is true. Friends have come to me and told me so.

And still there is a nameless fascination shout roller skating. Though the owners of the rink will not allow me to skate while other people are in the building. I love to go and watch the skaters and hold their shawls while they state, or hold their hands and feet while they are in repose. I love to buckle a young lady's skates on her fair young feet. I love to linger over them and chat with them—the young ladies I mean and ask them if they are well, and how their mother is feeling, and if they do not think we are having rather a backward spring.

I am an easy and very fluent conversa tionalist, having moved in some of the very best society, and thus acquired a flow of small talk which the most feeble-minded can readily comprehend.—Drake's Magazine.

A Brahman Explains His Religion.

dan Francisco Chronicle. Gopal Venayak Joshee is a Hindoo and a native of Sangamner County in the Bumbay Presidency. He left Bombay more than nine months agoand traveled hither, via Burmah, Siam, China and Japan. Joshee was visited by a Chronicle reporter in his rooms on Bush street, and having placed a lighted candle on a small table, with his legs crossed under him on his chair, his small bronzed hands clasping his small bare feet, he proceeded to that the witness had caught him napping. explain that the communications he was about to make were not voluntary, but only An old-fashioned pudding sauce that can be about to make were not voluntary, but only

missionaries say is true; they make attacks I mange.

on my religion and costoms, and I want to find out what is fact and what is falsehood."

"Are you a Brahman or a Buddhist?"
"I am a Brahman. There are very few Buddniste, but hundrede of thousands of Brahmans. All are idolators, and we are proud of it. We do not respect the images. but the boly men whom they represent"

'Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" "Yes. But we do not worship Him. Of course not A Supreme Being does not want sny worship People can not wership what they can not conceive."

"Tell me about your religion" "People in this country respect the memory of their dead relatives; they worship insignificant things, such as their fathers and mothers; we worship those who have been worthy men, and who are God incarnate, like your Obrist. Our religiou is not idola

"You seem to have studied different relig-

"I believe I have studied well and main-"But you worship animals," remarked the

The Brahman, however, was not to be cornered. "We do not worship the serpent," said he, "but the extraordinary power it possesses. A serpent with us is the symbol

of eternity, because with a single sting he he can pass a man into eternity." "What other animals do you thus revere, since we must not say worship?"

"The cow is very divine. We respect it the same as our mother, because it gives milk to all, as our mother to us. I must tell you we do not worship animals themselves, in this world. If a man hits me I must bear it, cr I am selfish, for I am the one hurt."

#### A Brave Girl.

At a recent fire in London three lives were saved through the heroism of a servant girl named Alice Ayres. The details are terrible save the London Times, but the predominating feeling which they will leave behind must be one of admiration for the heroic girl whose first thought was for others and not below called to her to jump and save herself, and they siretched out some clothing which | three would have served to break her fall. The fismes meanwhile had got hold of the inflammable stock in the shop, and were spreading with frightful rapidity. But, amid heat and smoke, and with the prospect be-fore her of death in its most awful shape, Alice Ayres was not to be daunted from her purpose. She had formed her plan, and she was resolved to carry it through as all hazarde. She first dragged a feather bed to the window and threw it out. It was at once caught up by the people in the street and stretched out below the window. Very soon she appeared at the window egain with a little girl in her arms, and with all care threw her down on the bed. She was ing three children from the flames. the first without any hurt from the fall, the second and third with some trifling hars, for | mother's tenderness, and there that mother the great heat and the suffocating tumes of | came to visit her child, and in this asylum the fire were affecting ber, and had made her | of the dead to bathe her soul in the joys of hold less firm and her aim less steady. She living over again with her child the happihad now done all that it was possible for her | ners of former days. to do, more than she could do with care for | One day this week this lady clad in black the pavement. She was picked up and taken to Guy's Hospital, and there she now lies between life and death, with her spine distocated, and with no hope of her recovery. Such has been her choice, noble but fatal for herself. A tribute of honor is all that we can now pay to a deed of heroism and selfdevotion which has at no time been sur-"Dixie" in the White House.

Washington Letter.] What singular errors some of the brilliant writers from Washington now and then fall nto. A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal in writing of Mr. Cleveland's reception says that the Marine Band played a medly of popular airs, including "Dixie." Suwanse River" and "Massa's in de Cold. Cold Ground," and says that it is the first time these airs have ever been played in the White House, an assumption that the new Democratic Administration is crowding out the old popular loyal airs and introducing in their stead purely Southern music. This is entirely a fiction. The popular Southern airs above quoted have been played in the Executive Mansion and grounds ever since they were written. It is easy for me to recall and went home to rest, throwing myself upan instance only a night or two before Mr. on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to are the best. For the first few days nature had returned from Richmond and a crowd | glass upon it; and looking in that glass I called with a band to tender congratulations and a serenade. The man who was so soon | But my face, I noticed, had two separate to be the victim of the assassin's bullet ap- | and distinct images, the tip of the nose of peared in response to calls and thanked his one being about three inches from the tip of audience for the compliment. Several members of his Cabinet surrounded him, and it perhaps startled, and got up and looked in was a very interesting and dramatic occasion. Just as he was closing his brief remarks, Mr. Lincoln said: "I see you have a band with you. I should like to hear it play 'Dixie.' before, and then I have consulted the Attorney General, who is here by my side, and he is of the opinion that Dixie belongs to us. Now play it." the thing meltsd away, and I went off. In The band struck up the old tune and played it as I have never before or since heard it it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing

Caught Him Napping. Rufus Choate was a man of extensive information, as well as a learned lawyer. But bring the thing back again, though I tried once, in the cross-examination of a sailor, he once very industriously to show it to my

witness silenced him. "Tell me," said Choate to the man, after badgering him for an hour, "in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equa-

The witness, who was chief mate of a clip-per ship, looked at the lawyer quizzically for a moment, and then said:

"I can't sir." "Indeed," exclaimed Choate, thinking he had the witness. "you the chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"
"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had

asked me," said the witness, with a smile of triumph. "Why. I thought every fool of a live poorly, the effect on the nation would lawyer knew that there was no latitude at be bad. Whether we advance in the better the equator.

"That will do, sir." said Choate, who felt

An old-fashioned pudding sauce that can in answer to questions.

"I travel for my pleasure and instruction, and to find out for myself if all that English is really palatable with corn-starch blanc. Twenty thousand millions a year seems a

THE VICTIM AND DAUGHTER.

How a Paris Newspaper Tells a Dramatic Story-The Crypt in the Madeleine.

[Translated from Le Gaulois.] Every morning about 11 o'clock for the past three years, a woman closely veiled and cied in severest black, glided like a haif invisible figure through a little private door bidden in the walls of the church at the Madeleine, and which introduced the living who visited the dead into the sombre crypts of the holy basilica.

Punctual as if it was a meeting of honor

or love, this shedow, so familiar to the old sexton who guards the keys of the sauctuary where the coffins are waiting (as if at a traveling station for the mysterious train to eternity) passed through with a noiseless and rapid step. This door is unknown to try; we do no. worship Gods, but godlike | the majority of the faithful and is accessible only to the initiated. It is closed to the indifference of strangers. It is sacred to those who mourn their dead. How many pious mourners, with tein my own ground. Our sim is to destroy | tearful eyes and prayerful lips, and hearts our individuality. We should be above filled with hope of meeting the dear de-our passions, else we are only animals." parted in a brighter and better world, have passed through that portal of sorrow! As you enter, leaving behind you the busy. crowded street, with its surging throngs and jostling vehicles, the little pasting leading to the crypts of the dead turns to the left, near the main altar. The number of these subterranean guests varies; sometimes more. sometimes less, according to the number of branches detached from the parish tree, and whose last resting place is not as yet pre-pared. All the dead do not pass on at the same pace, though the old ballad says they do. The vaults prepared for some of those dear departed oftentimes require as much but their powers. I am a Hindoo—a so-called idolator; our religion is superior to yours. We strive to look on all things with of their childhood, or to friends now living even eyes. A man who says 'this thing is far away. And again, the love of a father or good and that is bad' is not fit for absorption | mother, husband or wife, brother or sister, in God, because he is selfish. Nothing is bad often seek to retain the coffin as long as possible, as if in committing it to the bosom of the earth the dead are a second time torn from their tenderness and love. This elegant woman, veiled and clad in

black, that glides through the door of the Madeleine every morning, is a mother. A mother who lost her only daughter ere she had attained her twentieth year, and who was hardly ever out of that mother's sight

till death tore her rudely away. How old was that mother who seemed for herself, and who might have made her now only to live for the dead? Those who escape in safety it she hae chosen so to do, saw her could not guess. Her mien was and to leave her master's children to perish simple, but involuntarily retiring. Her step | turning over his family papers for the purwithout help. The fire, it appears, broke out | was light, and her carriage easy and gracein the middle of Thursday night at the ful, even amid the gravity of her daily pilwas also down on roller skates. When I get | house of Mr. H. Chandler, an oil and color grimage. She descended with familiar step roller skates on it don't take me long to drop | man. Alice Ayres was the first to | the dark and narrow stairway that led to the be awoke by it, and she rushed at corridor opening into the chamber of the once to the front window and screamed | dead, half lit up with a few straggling rays loudly for help. The people in the street of light. There she stopped at least an bour -sometimes three hours-and very often

> A priedien was awaiting her. She knelt on it, and prayed and wept and went and prayed before a little chapel the only luminous point amid the dark surroundings. From time to time the would interrupt her devotions to arrange or rearrange the flowers on the little altar, or renew the boquets and faded crowns, and the vases adorned | implored the Duke not to make any exwith their white symbols.

On a white bed, resting on foar square columns, in the style of the bads of the sixteenth century, covered with white draperies, embroidered with sliver, reposed a coffin, which was also draped in white. At the four corners of the bed were four large silver candelabra, and white flowers in boquets, crowns, pots everywhere on the bed-at its foot and around it. There reposed the re mains of that lovely virgin, torn from a

her own safety. The fire had so gained | failed to pay her morning visit to the dead. upon her that she must escape at once if she | and the old sexton muttered as he stumbled was to escape at all. She sprang according- by: "What mut have happened to her? ly from the window, but in her nervous and | This is the first morning in three years that exhausted state she missed her mark, she has not spent the morning with her jumped short of the bed, and fell heavily on | daughter. She must be sick, and very sick. indeed." And he muttered his uneasines: and forebodings to the servants of the

> Soon the rumor spreads that a ghastly mur-der had been committed! All the vicinity is stirred and soon all Paris is moved. woman has been found with her throat cut, dead in her bed in the Rue de Seze. The name of the victim is on every lip. It

> is that or the mourning mother, who that day for the first time failed to come to pray beside ber daughter's coffin. It is Mme. The next morning the spoilt child, spoilt

even in death, awaited the mother's visit. The mother was at the Morgue. Two coffins, one white, the other black, now lie side by side in the dark cavern of the Madeleine, and soon both will be on their journey to the Cemetery of Passy, and mother and daughter will be separated no more.

Linceln's Chostly Visions. "Cerp," in the Cleveland Leader, thus quotes Abraham Lincoln: "It was after my election, when the news was coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys!' so that I was well tired out, Lincoln was assassinated. The President | where I lay was a bureau with a swinging saw myself reflected at nearly full length. the nose of the other. I was a little bothered. the glass, but the illusion had vanished. On laying down again I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other I got up and rendered. As the strains of the music rang out upon the air cheer after cheer went up from the throats of the hundreds of happy men who had called to congratulate Mr.

Lincoln upon the return of peace. when, sure enough, the thing came back again, if anything more ghostly than before. After this, however, I was never able to forgot a little fact in geography, and the wife, !who was somewhat worried over it. She thought it was a sign that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and interpreted the paleness of the lower face as an omen that I would not see life through my second term."

High Living in the United States. [Philadelphia Call.]

We venture that in no country in the world do the people average so high in the cost of living. It proves that our average population lives well. And this is an important fact. Good living promotes health, and is a sign of intelligence. Were our people so poverty-stricken as to be compelled to element of civilization or retrograde depends on our living. It is also a test of our earn-ings. This Nation has been steadily liquidating its debt since 1865. Yet it has lived, including luxuries, not less than \$10,000,large sum. It means an earning capacity of

\$100 a year for every man, woman and child in the country. Suppose that but 10,000,000 of these are producers, it rates each active worker as producing \$2,000 a year of actual

SINGULAR LIFIGATION.

A Golden Cup With a Most Remarkable History [Paris Letter in New Orleans Picayone.]

I am going to tell you about a lawsuit over a cup worth \$40,000, although it is no bigger than, say, a good sized cream pitcher. In the year 1604 Don Juan Fernando de Frias de Valexo. Doke de Castille, was Spanish Embassador to England. While in that country he negotiated a treaty of peace between James I, and his own sovereign, and in recognition of which the former monarch made him a present of a chalice of massive gold, the hand-work of some artist of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Not only was the material valuable and the workmanship wonderful, but it was set with precious stones and ornamented with two remarks. bly clear enamels representing the martyrdom of St. Agnes. Around the foot was a Latin inscription reciting the reasons of the royal gift. The Embassador was a pious man, and when he got back to Spain he had the "saint-ciboire" solemnly consecrated by the Archbishop of Toledo; then he gave it to the chapel of Santa Clara, in the Convent of Medina de Pomar, near Burgos. The cut was accompanied by a deed of gift stating the conditions on which it was made, and these were that at no time and under no circum. stances, even though it were with the consent and approval of the Pope, should the communion cup be sold or even lo ned, under the penalty of a right arising, in from the convent along with a lot of other valuable presents. Three centuries afterwards, that is to say, in November. 1883, the Baron Picho, a well known Frenchicollector of art curios, wrote to the Duke de Frias, a descendant of the Embassador already named, that he had purchased in Paris, from a Spaniard, an enameled saint-olboire of the fourteenth century; that the vender had assured him that it had once belonged to the family of the loke, and that as some of his friends questioned its authenticity he would be grateful for any information on the subject that he might possess. The Dake was aware of the existence of the cup, also that it had been presented in former times to the nuns of Medina de Pomer, but he did not know anything about the condition on which it was head. When the Duke commenced pose of finding some document which would set at rest the authenticity of the cap, he tumbled on a copy of this old deed of gift, and, supposing that the oup must have been stolen from the convent, he wrote to the Surerior about it. Now, as a matter of fact, the convent had sold the cup through the intermediary of the Spaniard, to the French Baron, and when the Dake's letter reached the Abbess her first reply was evasive. She finally confessed, however, that she had made the sale through the intermediary of a priest, but, though the convent had received the money, she was not aware who had purchased the cup or where it was. In her last letter on the subject the Abbses posure of the disagreeable affair, if for no other reason, for that of saving the good character which had always been enjoyed by he community of Santa Clara de Medina de Pomar, which had been forced to make this sale through an absolutely pressing need of money. It seems that the convent only got \$1,000 out of the \$1,000 which the Biron paid for the cup, the rest having been retained by the priest as commission. But the cup is to-day worth \$40,000, and that no doubt is the reason why the Dake has commenced suit to recover possession of it. The Baron holds that under all the circumstances be bas a right to its ownership, and that the Doke and the Mother non will have to settle the matter as best they can.

In all the tests of the new grapes it should be remembered that the test for mildew is not conclusive unless the vine has acquired age. Most every young vines are exempt. It would seem that after a few years the annual pruning destroys the proper proportion between branches and root. If this be the true cause, root pruning should be a remedy.

A Tranquil Nervous System

can never be possessed by those whose digestive and assmilative organs are in a state of chronic disorder. Weak stomachs make weak nerves. To restore vigor and quietude to the latter, the first must be invigorated and regulated. The ordinary sedatives may tranquilize the nerves for a while. but they can never, like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, remove the causes of nervous debility. That superb invigorant and corrective of disordered conditions of the alimentary organs, has also the effect of imparting tone to the nerves The delicate tissues of which they are constituted, when weakened in consequence of impoverishment of the blood, resulting from imperfect digestion and assimilation, draw strength from the fund of vi-tality developed in the system by the Bitters, which imparts the required impetus to the nutri-tive functions of the stomach, enriches the circulation, and gives tone and regularity to the secretive and evacuative organs.

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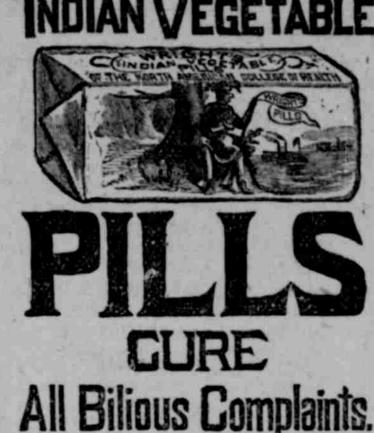
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